"secured." I wondered if they were afraid of elopements, but that was silly. There was no need to lock the windows when the tenants were free to use the door. They could come and go at any hour. Many exercised that freedom.

Lance was a big, courteous man from some island, I don't know which. Maybe England. His was one of those bodies that I regularly saw flashing on the way to the toilet. I was used to his bare ass. I would hear him leave early in the morning. I never saw him go, because by then I'd be working in the kitchen. I'd be baking those peanut butter cookies that Adam liked. Lance would usually go downtown to City Hall. He had a "complex" about our mayor. He believed he was in some kind of trouble. Lance wanted to warn him. He'd wait for the mayor to come to work but I don't think they ever met. The mayor's handlers wouldn't have allowed it.

Serge said Lance smelled like a dog. He didn't mean he stank. He smelled like a dog that lived outdoors and slept in the grass. After waiting for the mayor Lance would go to sleep in some park. I never saw him do a laundry. He'd throw his laundry in the garbage and get new clothes at the pound store. At a dollar a pound it was probably cheaper to buy them. He saved his money for cigarettes. He was the only tenant I sold them to after midnight. I thought it would have been unfair not to, since he slept all day. I also gave him credit, because he always paid me back.